

Important to Farmers.

Mr. Huber, Esq., of this vicinity has lately received from Lexington, Ky., twenty head of selected Cotswold South Down Ewes. Although a considerable part of the flock are yearlings, and the balance raised in the past season, and have just accomplished a long journey, their average weight exceeds 130 lbs. with a quality of wool that will readily command in our market 10 cts. per lb. over native or Listerian sheep. It is believed that these sheep so admirably combine mutation and wool qualities as to be appreciated as a valuable acquisition in this region. Mr. Huber cordially invites any and all of his friends interested in improvement of stock to call and see the above sheep.

We are under obligations to S. McGowan, the Post Master of Republic, and to other P. M.'s, for their faithful discharge of duty. Mr. McGowan invariably notifies us of the removal or refusal of any subscriber to receive his paper, thus saving us much trouble and expense. We hope a few more such men may be placed in the offices held by the blockheads and bigwigs who do all they can to delay our paper and injure our circulation.

We arrived at our post too late to add anything to the contents of this week's paper. We will give you a glorious paper for next week, containing all the news local foreign and domestic that has occurred.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Commercial Association. Read it carefully. Tickets may be obtained by calling on the agent, for this place.

O. MORSE.

This gentleman has opened a splendid new stock of stoves, tin-ware and house-furnishing goods at Walker & Orand's old stand, just opposite this block. His stoves are of the newest and finest patterns. Go and examine them.

Slavery Insurrections.

The St. Louis Intelligencer of the 10th inst., discourses as follows:

The Sunday Republican had a dispatch from Louisville, containing the startling rumor that a little town, 18 miles from Hopkinsville, Ky., was threatened by an attack of 600 negroes from neighboring iron furnaces, who were represented to be in a stage of insurrection. The panic machine promptly added that Hopkinsville was under guard against an attack of the revolted negroes, that was rumored to take place that night.

We have little faith in these stories of negro insurrections that have lately been attracting public attention. Not that insurrections of the servile classes do not sometimes take place, but from the entire absence at this time of any cause adequate to produce general revolts.

The absence of any opportunities of combination, and rapid intercommunication, by the masses of the slave population in the agricultural districts of the South and West. Any attempted revolt would be necessarily local and easily suppressed. The absence of the power of the press, the telegraph, and the mail, and the inability to communicate by writing, would make any general concerted slave revolt impossible.

Holding these views we cannot but regard the prominence given to every story, no matter how improbable and fanciful, of "rising of the negroes" as in the highest degree injurious to slave property, and destructive of the permanent peace of the slave-holder.

In every community there are negroes who can read, or unprincipled whites who will read to them. And no doubt a thousand negroes in St. Louis were made glib yesterday by the big telegraphic type of the Sunday Republican, telling them the negroes of Kentucky were rising to slaughter their masters and set themselves free. There will be keen anxiety now all through the Missouri slave population, to learn the result of the Kentucky slave rebellion. And a thousand thoughts will be begotten in their minds, while dwelling on the "insurrection" in Kentucky, that will not contribute to their future obedience and patience in bondage.

There is no concealing the fact that the entire south live in constant terror of their slaves. The mistrustful rumor is a "land writing on the wall"—making them quake like Belshazzar, and, as the Intelligencer suggests, these rumors are the seeds from which real insurrections will spring. It is vain to seek consolation from the disadvantages under which three and a half millions of bondmen labor in seeking freedom. There never yet was a race oppressed by another which did not at some time repay or seek reparation all the wrongs they endured with interest.

"Time at length endures with even. For if we do but wait the hour, There's a yet more power Which could escape, if unforgiven, The patient search and vigil long Of him who treasures up a wrong."

ABANDONED.

JOHN STRIDER (red-headed John) has made tracks with a fair "Helen of Troy," leaving his wife to look out for number-one. John told his own wife he was going to Pennsylvania, to be gone a few days, and we suppose considering the inclemency of the weather, and the danger of catching cold, judiciously concluded to take a befronced comforter with him. He magnanimously left his wife and children the sum of \$5, for their comfortable support and maintenance.

Divorce.

A writer in Putnam's Monthly gives some mischievous legal advice to those whose matrimonial chains have worn base of down and grown galling. He says, "all that is necessary for a stranger to obtain a divorce in Indiana, is to sleep one night in the State, and thereupon appear in Court, swear that he is a citizen of it, file his petition for a divorce, have it published in some paper where his wife is sure never to see it, and then return six weeks after and take his divorce."

There are some mysterious things in this world, for instance the possibility of a divorce. One would think the cohesive power of matrimony would equal that of Galileo's hemispheric magnets, which sixty horses, pulling their strongest, were unable to separate.

CHRISTOPHER C. NESTER, formerly of the Tiffin Union Schools, is now superintendent of the Union Schools of Tipton, Iowa. Doctor MAYNARD, formerly of the Seneca County Academy, is president of the board of education at that place.

Burlingame and Brooks.

The Washington correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, speaks thus of the above named personages, who so completely lionized themselves during the last session of Congress:

Mr. Burlingame is still weak and pale from his late wearing fever, but is none the worse for his journey, and with care will soon recover his accustomed vigor. There is a good deal of curiosity and anxiety to know what Mr. Brooks will do as regards Mr. Burlingame. The former is understood to feel bitterly, and he has threatened revenge at this season for the impudent before the ridicule and contempt of the world, which Burlingame forced him to make of himself at the last. Some apprehend an attempted assassination, or a brutal, cowardly assault, like that on Sumner. But more likely, the South Carolina hero will content himself with some coarse insult of expression or exhortation. For either or all, Mr. Burlingame is prepared by cool, and suitable purposes. He will resist insult without being forced to challenge anybody to a duel. And if base and brutal force is brought against him he will repel it in a ready and manly way. This is a subject over which there is much speculation and gossip. Brooks feels goaded by his former disgrace, to some effort to throw his opponent into a like position.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

LETTER FROM GEN. HARRISON.—The following letter from Gen. Harrison, dated Washington 3d of May, 1829, was written at a time when some inquiries were made as to the religion and opinions of Mr. Adams, who was then President, and supposed to be a Unitarian. A gentleman had written General Harrison on this subject. To that letter the General replied in the following manner. It must be recollected that the writer was an Episcopalian:

"There is no axiom in my opinion more true than that which asserts the efficacy of the Christian religion to make individuals as well as nations happy. I can never agree, however, that it should be made a test for political reform. The experience of the world shows that the mingling of religion with State affairs is as destructive of civil as of religious liberty. Who would you make the judge? Where would you find a correct criterion? Shall we reject the Catholic, who believes too much; or the Unitarian, who believes too little; or the one worshipping the saints, and the other refusing to worship the Savior. We say that they are wrong, and appeal to the Bible to prove it. They reply upon us and say that we are wrong and they are right and appeal to the same authority. Although I firmly believe in the truth of my own creed and in the error of theirs, I do not know that they are not as competent to the discharge of the duties of legislators and presidents as those who think with me. I would never inquire into a man's creed to ascertain his fitness for office; but I would ask, 'Is he honest?' 'Is he competent?' 'Is he a Republican?' Let his religious opinions alone, to be determined by his own conscience, and by his Maker."

THE SENECA CO. TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

will meet at Republic on Saturday the 20th of this month. A full attendance is earnestly solicited.

See the Prospectus of The Saturday Evening Post in our advertising columns.

A SNAKE TAMER.

A man named Wren, a Swede, who has recently been exhibiting a number of rattlesnakes in various parts of California, and who fancied he had acquired a power over them which would prevent them from biting him, was severely bitten by one of them upon the finger, at Sacramento. He immediately drank four bottles of brandy, and went to bed in a state of stupefaction. He is still in a critical condition, his whole arm being terribly inflamed. He thinks he will recover, and says he is satisfied the snake did not intend to bite him, and that if he does recover he shall continue his experiments and exhibitions. While confined to his bed, he has a young rattlesnake with him all the time.

STAMPED ON FREE NEGROES.

The free negroes at Murfreesboro, too a compulsory stampede from that place last week. Their depredations had become insupportable to the citizens, and their pernicious influence among the slave population had become a serious grievance. Self-protection compelled the whites to stringent measures to get rid of them, and a general stampede occurred during last week's Nashville Banner.

"Over come evil with good, as the gentleman said when he knocked down a burglar with the family bible."

Mr. Albert Smith once wrote in a hotel visitors' book, his initials "A. S." A was written underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

Slave-Trade and Free-Trade.

The New York Weekly Times of the 25th ult., contains the following article with reference to the re-opening of the African Slave-Trade:

The New Orleans Delta represents Southern sentiment as Mr. Jefferson Davis understands it. The Delta takes ground in favor of the restoration of the American Slave Trade. It regards that as a main timber of the new policy to be inaugurated along with Mr. Buchanan. All the Charleston Standard has to say in behalf of the measure the Delta accepts, and expands and intensifies, so that unpracticed readers might imagine the recent contest had turned upon no other issue. The Richmond Enquirer, on the other hand, quite as potential and influential as the Delta, declines so to understand the matter, absolutely resisting upon humanitarian principles, that would have sent a glow to the bosoms of Wilberforce and Buxton, all attempts to resuscitate the African trade. Here is a sad lack of sympathy. Doctors of the same school thus differ in the very A B C of doctrine, lodging, dobbing, scheming of the most disastrous sort in the ranks of a party now-fledged and flushed with triumph.

The secret of this divergence lies in the little circumstances that the Northern Slave States are in the position of producers of Slaves, the Southern in the position of consumers. Virginia has surrendered itself mainly to the breeding and sale of negroes. That Common wealth and Congo are competitors in the business of production—Gov. Wise and the King of Dahomey rival merchants in the traffic. In the prohibition of African importation lies the great source of Virginia prosperity. Her breeders monopolize the market. Throw down the prohibition, admit the dark children of the F. F. V., and there is no telling what depths of disaster the Old Dominion may plummet. It is hard to find where the shoe pinches until it is tried on; and this shoe, which the Standard and Delta school insists upon fitting upon the South, pinches wretchedly the bunions of the Northern slave-growers.

How would our own iron, and cotton, and wool manufacturers relish an entire abrogation of duty on their respective products, involving unrestricted introduction of the foreign article? How could the twenty years so spent in getting negroes, breeding and manufacturing them, so to speak, at a great outlay of corn-meal and flitches of bacon, competed in the market with negroes stolen ready made, and furnished for labor, with no expense to the owner? The question is, shall we or shall we not encourage domestic production? Shall the Virginian or the Dahomian interest prevail?

AMERICAN LIFE.

AMERICAN LIFE.—American life is but the agony of a fever. There is no repose for us. We push on in frenzied excitement through the crowds, the noise, the hot glare and dust of the highways, with out turning for a moment to refresh our selves in the quiet and shade of the by-paths of life. We have but one object in our rapid journey, and that is to get to the start of our fellow-travelers. Our political equality, offering to all a chance for the prize of life, and thus encouraging every one to try his speed in the race, is no doubt a spur to the characteristic hurry of Americans. Our institutions however, are not responsible for the prize we choose to strive for. There is no reason that we know of why a republican should have no other aim in life but to get rich, or to gain his neighbor; but there are a thousand good reasons, if we value health and happiness, why we should pursue other and higher objects. When the pursuit of wealth is the great purpose of life in so rapidly a progressive state of material prosperity as exists in our commercial communities, it requires exclusive devotion and the highest strain of the faculties to succeed. A fair competence, however, is easily reached; and if we had learned to care for better things, we would not strive for more.

How Murat Died.

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it, as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced of his own accord toward the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit him to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive his death of a part of its horror. Murat, stepping over the threshold of the chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and, looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile, said: "My friends do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble, do not strike me in my face; aim at my heart—here it is."

As he spoke thus he placed his right hand upon his coat to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained in four corners the image of his wife and four children, as if he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last look. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death blow in the contemplation of all he loved on earth. His body, pierced at so short a distance with twelve balls, fell, with his arms open and his face toward the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom he once possessed, and which he had come to reconquer for his tomb.

They threw his cloak upon his body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pisa. Thus died the most enterprising soldier of the imperial epoch, not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the champions of the new Alexander.

RANS GRANTHURST.

The Richmond Enquirer says a gentleman who died in Potomac county, Va., a few months ago, devised his entire property, estimated at \$10,000, to one of his sisters. After his death that sister destroyed his will and divided his property equally between a brother and sister and herself. A rare and noble exhibition of the selfishness of a sister's love.

A Novel Writer's Sympathy.

The following anecdote of Eugene Sue, author of the "Mysteries of Paris," and other popular French novels, is from a Paris correspondent of one of the Boston papers:

Not many months since, Sue used to visit daily one of the most fashionable salons in Paris, Madame de D—, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de D—, at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue; but though my griefs are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms."

That afternoon as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags, prayed for charity.

"Go away," was the stern reply.

"But I am starving; give me a single copper to purchase bread with."

"I will give you in charge of a police officer, if you thus annoy me."

"You will!" said the beggar, "and yet Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor; you are the workingman's champion; you are!"

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

"Madame de D—," was the reply; and the distinguished lady stepped into her carriage, which was waiting, leaving the novelist to his own reflections.

Juvenile Smokers.

We can see a group of boys, eight, ten or twelve years old, in our streets, smoking cigars, without anticipating such a depreciation of our posterity in health and character as can scarcely be contemplated, even at this distance, without pain and horror.—[Dr. Rush.

Boys!—We have a word to say to you and we say it not in anger, but in love.—Will you listen? We tell you, then, that you should not smoke, because smoking is injurious to health. Such is the testimony of medical men, and among them Dr. Rush, a good, kind, and benevolent as well as a great man says—"Tobacco even when used in moderation, may cause dyspepsia, headache, tremors, and vertigo." That tobacco, in any form, is a slow poison, working its deleterious effect upon the system, is proved by all its experience. But you say you are quite well and it does you no harm. So says the rum drinker. He says he drinks because it does him good; and in both cases the poison is so insidious, that its victim is ripe for the grave ere he is aware that the work of death is commenced. But you have menaced men who have been all their lives addicted to its use. Is it true that some may have seen such persons a polluted mass of animal matter, lethargic, wheezing, coughing and offensive; and because some have escaped with their lives through all this, bad tendencies will you run the dreadful risk, merely because you love it? Remember it is a vicious and artificial taste, of which man alone is capable. The instinct of the brute prompts them to reject the vile and nauseous weed. Reason was given to man as a guide, and even boys ought to use it. Do you remember what difficulty you formed the habit—how sick it made you at first; and because you can now smoke without turning pale with nausea and vertigo, do you imagine it has lost its tendency to do you harm? By no means.

But the worst of the case has not been told. There is in each of you, boys, an immortal spark, kindled by the breath of the almighty. And this undying spark—this gem of matchless worth suffers in common with his physical being. The seductive influence represses intellectual energy—it renders its votary indisposed to mental exertions.

Boys!—Eschew the filthy weed. Preserve your purity. Save your money.—Husband your time. It is shocking to see a kind of Sunday scholars standing or strutting about puffing clouds. Let the pitiful, ugly, shameful spectacle never be witnessed among those who have wit enough to keep clear of it.

HAKO TO CHOOSE.

I must give you one more fun-let concerning a little four-year-old friend of mine. It seems that a clergyman had been stopping for some time at his father's house, and on going away called little Eddy to him and asked what he should give him for a present.—Eddy, who had been brought up in the fear of God, and had a great respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature; so he answered hesitatingly: "I—I—think I should like a Testament, but I know I should like a gun!"

SHOOTING.

We learn that on last Friday an unhappy occurrence took place in Grass township, in this county. There are a good many reports about the affair, but it is difficult to get a correct statement; but as near as we can gather, it seems that a Mr. Joseph Garrison had said or done something to injure two brothers by the name of Goodman. The brothers went together to Harrison's house and gave him a whipping, and then left. They afterwards concluded they had not given him enough and started back, when Garrison, seeing them coming, seized his rifle and shot at them, the ball passing clear through the body of one and lodging in the other, killing the first almost instantly and severely wounding the latter. We understand that Garrison and two of his brothers immediately fled, and from the Courier we learn they passed through Princeton last Saturday, and three of the Goodman's in pursuit last Saturday. It is thought they have gone to Clay Co., Ill.

[Rockport (Spencer Co.) Adr.]

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front towards the stand.

"Now, what's before you, John?"

"The North, sir."

"And what's behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat tail, sir."

A CERTIFICATE.

One of the certificates of death, written by a physician of large practice, received at the City Inspector's Office, reads as follows:—Mrs. Karolyne Johnsons, daughter aged five months and six days died with debility of life to day under my attendance.

SINGULAR SUICIDE.

A remarkable suicide occurred on the steamer Mount Savage on her last trip from Baltimore to New York. Capt. Watson states that when at the mouth of the Patuxent, a man named John Fox, a native of Portland, Maine, who was at the wheel, requested the second mate to relieve him, exclaiming—that he was tired of living. Stopping from the wheel house he passed forward, and jumping upon the rail called all hands to see him go. Hurriedly exclaiming—"God almighty have mercy on my unfortunate soul," he leaped overboard, and rapidly passed astern before any one recovered from their surprise at such an act. As he passed astern he shouted, "Stop the ship! stop the ship!" but before a boat could reach him he had disappeared. The man was about 28 years of age, and leaves a wife in Greenwich street. Capt. Watson states him to be a sober man, and can assign no reason for so strange a suicide.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Be civil to the woman who bites the end of her gloves. Politeness is like an air-cushion, there may be nothing in it, but it eases your jolts wonderfully. Men are like bugs—the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Women are like teacups—the more modest and retired they appear, the better they are loved.

A CLEAN SELL.

A shrewd countryman was in New York the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality with his eye teeth out. Passing up Olmstead street, through the cloths quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store some one would rush out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last one dirty looking chap caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price and every style sir. The cheapest in the street."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir, step in."

"Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put on one, for you need it."

The rage of the shop keeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

IMPORTANT ARREST.

LARGE AMOUNT OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY FOUND.—Office Brights informed yesterday morning that a man had been attempting to pass a raised \$50 bill. He procured a full description of the man, and after looking round through the city found that a man answering the description had stopped at the Exchange Hotel, where he had registered his name as John Preston New York, but had just got into a hack and started for the depot at Jeffersonville, to leave in the evening train. Officer Bligh overtook the hack, got into it, and ordered the hackman to drive to the jail. He searched the stranger, found the raised \$50 note, about \$10 in 53 counterfeit notes on the Rockville Bank connection.

Firing into an American vessel.

From the New Orleans Picayune, of Nov. 26th, we learn the following particulars of an outrage upon an American vessel:

Capt. Thompson, of the schooner Major Barbour, which arrived last evening from the Coatzacoalcas river, informs us that he reached there from Sanl on the 12th ult., and that about half an hour after he anchored, the steamer Democrat came in from Mexican colors, and commenced firing at his vessel. Proceeding shortly up the river, the steamer fired at the persons on shore, and when within twenty yards of the Major Barbour, the commander of the Democrat, who stood on the upper deck, drew forth a pistol and fired deliberately at Capt. Thompson. At the same time the former gave order to fire, which was done, and the shot took effect on the square-sail yard and hal-yards of the schooner, carrying away a portion of the rigging and lodging four grape-shot in the foremast. The American flag was likewise perforated by three pistol shots.

Capt. Thompson states that this attack was entirely wanton and unprovoked, and was looked upon by those on shore as an act of piracy. The Democrat took off as prisoners the Mexican commandant and custom-house officers.

Subsequently Capt. Thompson called upon several Mexican and American citizens, and in their presence, and before the American consul at Minatitlan, drew up a protest, embodying in detail the facts above related, which has been forwarded to Washington.

CURIOUS FEELING.

Edith Jones says that when she was in love she felt as if she was in a tunnel, with a train of cars coming both ways. Jimicks says that when he was in love he felt as if he was being hung—and had a cat in his hat and a peck of humble bees under his waistcoat. Jimicks knows the symptoms.

Juliana says that she felt—oh my!—as if she were in a bower of moonbeams, sinking in a bath of effulgent honey, beneath a blaze of balmy stars, to the tune of a slow music.

APPALLING EXPERIMENT WITH AN IDIOT.

Dr. Madio relates that an idiot at Salisbury, appearing to be singularly susceptible of fear, an experiment of an appalling character, and appalling consequences was made upon him as a means of putting his insensibility to a test. It was proposed to produce in him the impression that he was with a dead man come to life. A person, accordingly, had himself laid out as a corpse, and enveloped in a shroud, and the idiot was ordered to watch over the dead. The idiot perceiving some motion in the corpse, desired it to lie still, but the pretended corpse raising itself in spite of this admonition, the idiot seized a hatchet, which luckily was within his reach, and cut off first one of the feet of the unfortunate confederate, and then, unmoved by his cries, cut off his head. He then calmly resumed his station by the real corpse.

Doctry.

The subjects poem may strike some readers as not being entirely original. A greater mistake could not possibly be made. We, at least, have never seen anything like it anywhere; and who has let him point it out:

"—perched on random strings,
By future poets shall be sung."

The night came on but not too soon!
Westward the stars of empire takes his way;
Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon!
Blue spirits and white, black spirits and grey.

Rocked in the cradle of the dead,
Old Casper's work was done,
Piping on hollow reeds to his peat sheep,
Charge, Chester, charge! Oo, Signify, on!

There was a sound of revelry by night,
On Lifford when the sun was low;
A voice replied far on the height,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

What if the rain should say,
I have not loved the world, or the world me;
Ah! melt a day!
Weep, man, weep, that tree!

My heart leaps with joy to see
A primrose by the water's brink;
Zaccheus, he did climb the tree;
For our youth could cope with him.

The prayer of Ajax was for light,
The light that never was on sea or shore;
Padding and beat made Briton fight,
Sweremore!

Under spreading chestnut tree,
For hours together sat,
I and my Annetel Lee;
A man's a man for a that!

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air;
In thunder, lightning, or in rain,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
The child is father of the man;
Hush, my dear, be still and slumber,
They can con-see who believe they can.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dreams;
Whatever's right, is right,
And things are not what they seem;
My native land, good night!

Saving Bacon.

The English never smoke their bacon. They say:

"Oh the trouble folks have taken,
To smoke and salt their bacon."

The Canadian Agriculturist, taking the same view, says that curing bacon is like the Irishman's mode of making panof.

He said: "Put in the sugar, and stir it up with whisky; and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch."

Just so with curing bacon; after being properly salted, and peppered at the hook end, every drop of smoke you put about it spoils the bacon.

Another mode of saving bacon has been given by a correspondent of the N. E. Farmer. He says he was entertained at the house of a friend, and at dinner he had reason to compliment him on the excellent quality of his bacon, and required to know his method of preparing and preserving. To our surprise, says he, we were informed that the portion of our meal was cooked eight months before. He stated that it was his practice to slice and fry his bacon immediately on its being cured, and then pack it down in its own fat. When occasions came for using it, the slices slightly refried, had all the freshness and flavor of new bacon just prepared. In this way our friend had always succeeded in "saving his bacon" fresh and sweet through the hottest weather.

A Sad Event.

Miss Anna M. Lachaise, daughter of James M. Lachaise, of this city, died on board the Arago on the 3d inst., after a short illness from brain fever, aged 19 years. This young lady was engaged to be married to a gentleman of this city, immediately on her arrival, and the bridal wreath was bespoken. To-day, the flowers that were to have adorned her nuptials were strewn upon the bridal bed of death! She was buried in her wedding robes this morning.

The delay in the arrival of the steamer caused some anxiety among those who had friends on board; and there was one who watched at the wharf until midnight on Friday; and when the good news was telegraphed—"The Arago is below"—he went home to his friends inexpressibly happy. The next morning, on going early to the ship to welcome the bride of his heart, he found that "the soul of his soul's idol" had just departed. The cold casket was there, but the beautiful jewel was gone. It is a sad thing, at best, to fix one's affections on these lovely, yet perishable beings, whose brittle hold on life—

"—It is like the spider's thread,
That breaks at every breath."

Jane, what does anooce mean?—don't blush, my dear, hold up your head, and tell what anooce means."

"Please, Miss Splitziddle, I don't know."

"Don't know, child—very strange—very. Can't you guess?"

"No, ma'am, can't."

"Well, what do you like to do after supper? Let what does the child hold under her head for?—here, Jane, look up and tell me what you love after supper. You are a great girl! almost eighteen now, and your education has been shockingly neglected. What is it you like after supper?"

"O! Miss